Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: hee knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beautious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcaſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke (poore ſoules) they are content.
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweete youth and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remaine.

Theſ.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lyon be to ſpeake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes do.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moone-ſhine.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this roughcaſt, and this ſtone doth ſhow,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire lime and haire to ſpeak better?

Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

Theſ. Piramus drawes neere the wall, ſilence.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall,
That ſtands betweene her Fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, ô ſweete and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blink through with mine eine.
Thanks courteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing me.

Theſ. The wall me-thinks being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pir. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall